

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

FADE IN:

OVER BLACK:

ANDERSON (V.O.)
'Why do our conversations always
seem to start like this...why
do...'

Suddenly the camera pulls back, revealing the true source of the blackness - the man's suit. Credits appear on the screen in *Metal Gear Solid* Style.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - NIGHT - RAIN

A light rain falls on the three men. Two of them are in suits. The man talking is ANDERSON, who is holding a gun to the head of KYLE HARBAUGH. Kyle is on his knees, looking forward, a look of worry on his face. In the background stands JONES.

CLOSE: JONES

He wipes a tear from his eye, and glares at Kyle.

ANDERSON
Huh? Answer me, why do our
conversations always seem to start
like this you fuck.

Anderson pistol whips Kyle whose head whips down. He's either crying, or it's the rain.

JONES
What? What, are you crying? Your
soul, Kyle Harbaugh, weeps... but
it's all lies.

KYLE
You freaks! You don't understand,
I... I just wanted to please the
audience.

Anderson, in anger, puts down the gun to begin his rant.

ANDERSON
Please the... audience? You fuck!
Don't you know what it's like being
an independent filmmaker. We have
real inspiration.

ANDERSON(cont'd)

We don't need some hot shit come along telling, trying to tell else what to do. I'm a fucking artist. You're nothing. And you expect to get co-screenwriting credit for thinking up two lousy lines!

Anderson points and aims the gun at Kyle's head once again.

ANDERSON

You greedy son of a bitch.

ANGLE: WIDE

Silence, except for the rainfall. Jones makes some weird sobbing noises.

KYLE

What's the matter with him?

ANDERSON

Jones? Well he expected more from you Mr. Harbaugh. Not two lines that took you 2 seconds to shit out.

JONES

You piece of shit. \$15 dollars not enough for ya? You have to co-screenwrite too...

Jones walks up and kicks Kyle down.

CLOSE: KYLE IN THE MUD

Jones holds Kyle's head into the mud, as if waiting for retribution.

ANDERSON

You have committed sins against your comrades.

Jones lifts his foot, allowing Kyle to rise.

CLOSE: KYLE

Anderson's leg comes into frame and pushes Kyle onto his back, facing Anderson and Jones.

ANDERSON

Did it hurt? Huh? You fuck, tell me... did it fucking hurt? Huh?

Kyle just stutters. He's shocked and can't form any words.

ANDERSON

Answer me!

(cocks gun)

Did it hurt you when the shit spilled out of your mouth? Fuck you and fuck your lines.

CLOSE: KYLE'S SHOCKED FACE

He begins to stutter again. Jones picks up Kyle's face and looks right at him close... in an uncomfortable sort of way.

JONES

Shh...Can you hear it? The lonely reaper is calling out for you. He thirsts for your blood. I want you to hear him before we send the bullet into you head.

KYLE

You can kill me. But know this: you misunderstand my intentions. I just wanted to make people happy. Who cares who gets co-screenwriting? Who cares about using two shitty lines? It doesn't matter. I just wanted people to have fun and get off their asses and make movies. Not to be killed by two sick fucks.

Anderson pulls the gun out and laughs.

ANDERSON

Well, there's one thing you didn't count on...

BAM!

FADE TO BLACK.